

CARLYLE.

Stern gray-haired prophet, paternal, bearded,
Wild with heaven's wrath against our latter days,
Dead in the ripest summer of the praise,
Thou wert as some old Hebrew sage,
Heard by God's hand to preach the meadows war
From all shams and mockeries, and raise
Their puny doubts to check Faith's fearless ways—
Preacher of righteousness, Truth's avatar,
Dead. Yet they surely will not let thee die,
Those whom thou lovedst not, who yet love thee,
These children of the new democracy,
Born in a modern age, who needs must try
To live with thy heroic courage,
Yet make the world move forward and be free.

LOVE LAUGHS AT LOCKSMITHS.

A CONFIDENTIAL BANK CLERK'S TALE.

In the year '90, I had been some seven years a clerk in the bank of which Mr. Baskerville was the principal; and a very shrewd, cute old fellow he was, I can tell you. I had had some troubles then, and was looked upon as a grave, sedate young man. In consequence of this gravity of manner and character for steadiness, I had been several times employed in little matters of a confidential nature, and my conduct in these had been approved.

One afternoon in the latter part of August, in the year I speak of, I was sitting at my desk with not very much to do. I had been thinking a good deal about my own affairs, and had gone back over ground rather painful for me to tread, and was therefore rather sad that sunny August afternoon.

While I was meditating and idly drawing figures on my blotting pad, the bank messenger came to me and said that Mr. Baskerville wished to speak to me. I went into his private room and found him seated at his desk, and in an arm-chair beside him sat a middle-aged, invalid-looking man, whose handsome face wore a peculiar expression that seemed to be permanent.

"This, my Lord, is the gentleman whom I should have the greatest confidence in employing in the matter."

The stranger looked at me languidly, and slightly inclined his head as I bowed.

"Father young for such work, is he not, Baskerville?"

"No, my Lord, I don't think so. Mr. Minton is grave and steady, and I think you fully understand all that is wanted. I would rather not give my name as entering into explanations with this young man if you think you thoroughly understood what I want."

"If you will leave him to me, my Lord, I will undertake that Mr. Minton shall receive full instructions. Just as if Lord Valdane's carriage is at the door, will you, Mr. Minton?"

I returned with the requisite information; and his Lordship, after being carefully wrapped up, took the arm of one of his men, and went to the carriage.

Mr. Baskerville then asked me to shut the door and sit down beside him, and proceeded to give me full and complete directions as to how I was to act.

It appeared that Lord Valdane had three daughters, besides several sons. The youngest of his daughters, when just sixteen, had caused great trouble and distress to her family by falling in love with a reckless, dissipated young man who had come constantly to the house, and had given rise to great commotion, and the young lady had shown an amount of obstinacy and temper which had quite alarmed her friends, so foreign was it, apparently, to her nature. She had utterly declined to give up her lover, and had openly declared her intention of having any communication with him that opportunity might offer. Under these circumstances, and in consideration of her youth, her father determined to send her to a school kept by an English lady in a village about seven miles from London, and hoped that a year or two of quiet seclusion would bring her over and forget an affection begun at so young an age. She was accordingly sent to Mrs. Slater's school, and that day had just written to Lord Valdane at the end of the first week to say that she could no longer undertake the education of Miss Valdane, as her conduct was of such a kind as entirely to destroy those relations which should exist between mistress and pupil. Lord Valdane had therefore determined to bring her back to England, and he had now received information that Mr. Arne had left the country for America. Having no servant to whom he could trust the duty of escorting his daughter home, Lord Valdane had come to Mr. Baskerville, with whom he banked, to ask that some confidential clerk might be sent to Antwerp to meet Miss Valdane, and bring her home to her father's house in Eaton Square. A servant would be sent with her as far as Antwerp, where she would be met by the person chosen to escort her.

I asked Mr. Baskerville if it was thought that the young lady would return home willingly.

"They imagine that she will do so," said he; "she has complained in her letters, which have been very few, of her 'transportation,' as she called it. It is most probable that her youthful passion will have died out. This fellow, Arne, is described to me as an effeminate-looking though elegant man, but wanting in many of those many attributes which are to most women the chief attraction in a man's character."

Mr. Baskerville told me to come to him again for a paper of instructions that he would give me, as well as a letter from Lord Valdane to his daughter, directing her to place herself under my charge. He also told me that she would be accompanied by her maid, a young girl, and too inexperienced to be trusted with the duty of an escort.

I returned to my seat and thought over all that I had heard, and all that I was to do. I confess that I did not like the work; it was not of a kind that I had bargained for on entering a bank, and seemed to me to be more the duty of a superior

servant than of a gentleman. I knew, however, how much depended upon my making myself useful to the firm, and so I determined to put my pride into my pocket.

Before I left the office, I got my paper of instructions, and returned home to read them, having first obtained from the cashier, by Mr. Baskerville's orders, a sum sufficient to defray all possible expense, those of the young lady and her maid included. I found that I was to start for Dover by that night's mail and go by the first boat to Ostend, and thence to Antwerp. I was instructed to be very firm with Miss Valdane, and was advised to avoid any attempts at intimacy on her part. I was simply to be her escort, and as far as possible to relieve her of all trouble. She would expect me, as a letter had been written to Mrs. Slater desiring her to send the young lady to Antwerp, under charge of a servant.

I started, according to my instructions, by the night mail for Dover, and at one o'clock the next day found myself at the door of the Hotel St. Antoine in Antwerp. I inquired if Miss Valdane had arrived, and was asked to step up to a drawing-room on the second floor. No one was in the room when I entered, but in a few minutes a respectable-looking middle-aged woman came in, and with an expression of anxiety on her countenance.

"Are you the gentleman from London, sir?" she said.

"I am," said I. "When will it be convenient for Miss Valdane to set out on her journey?"

"Oh, sir," said she, "Miss Valdane is very unwell and has been obliged to go to bed. This has upset all the plans that had been arranged, and I don't know what to do."

"When did this illness come on?" I asked.

"Why, sir, Miss Valdane seemed very well when we left, but a few days after we got to Antwerp she complained of headache, and was obliged to go to bed directly after we got to the hotel. The worst of it is," she said, after a pause, "that I must return by this evening's train."

"The young lady has her maid, I understand?" said I.

"Oh, yes, sir, she is with her, certainly; but she is young and flighty, and I haven't much confidence in her."

"Has Miss Valdane seen any medical man?" said I.

"Oh no, sir, she wouldn't hear of one being sent for."

"Well," said I, "it cannot be helped; you must return to your mistress, and I must wait here until Miss Valdane is able to travel."

In the course of the afternoon, and after Mrs. Slater's servant had left, I sent up my compliments to Miss Valdane, and requested to know how she was.

The young lady returned her compliments, and informed me that she was so much better that she hoped to be down stairs in the course of an hour.

This was good news, and I immediately set about inquiries as to trains and boats. I found that by leaving Ostend at half-past three the next morning, the young lady could be at her father's house in time for lunch the same day. I accordingly made the requisite arrangements, and awaited Miss Valdane's appearance.

Her maid shortly afterward came down with a message to know if it would be convenient to me to have an interview with her mistress. I, of course, assented, and directly afterward a young lady came to the room.

I bowed, and looked at my charge with some curiosity. Her appearance surprised me. She was dark, and had large, lustrous-looking eyes, but in other respects was by no means good-looking, and seemed to want the ease and grace of a young lady. I should have imagined a girl in her rank of life would have possessed. She was well and handsomely dressed, but was decidedly not elegant; and there was a freshness and youthfulness about her that made her anything but an attractive-looking girl. She addressed me in a constrained and rather unamiable voice.

"You are the per—the gentleman that has been sent to fetch me?"

"I am, Miss Valdane; when will it be convenient to you to set out on the journey?"

"I don't know," she said, pettishly. "I want to see the pictures and the cathedral, but I suppose I shall have to do as I am told."

"It was instructed," said I, "to escort you home without delay."

"Oh, by the way," said she, "there's a school-fellow of mine and a great friend going with us. She wanted to go home, and we agreed to travel together."

How strange, thought I, that the servant should have made no mention of this other pupil; but I suppose she was so much engrossed with Miss Valdane's illness that she could think of nothing else.

"I was not aware," said I, "that you would have a companion; but I shall be very happy to be of use to her."

"I'll call her down," she said; and going to the door she called, or rather shouted, "Amy, come down."

She forgets, I thought, that she is in a crowded hotel, and not at home. I heard a light, tripping step on the stairs, and after some little giggling outside the door, Miss Valdane came in with a very pretty, mischievous-looking blonde, who could not prevent the semblance of gravity when she was introduced to me.

"What on earth are you laughing at, Amy?" said my charge.

"You mustn't mind me, Mr. Minton!" said Miss Manvers; "I'm rather silly, I'm afraid."

"Rather silly!" said Miss Valdane. "He thinks you a little tom-fool, and he's certainly right in thinking so;" and before I had time to put in a disclaimer to this opinion, she added, "I don't know what you people are going to do, but I'm going to dine."

"Shall we dine at once, Miss Valdane?" said I, "and then we can leave Antwerp at half-past seven, catch the night mail at Ostend, and be in London by mid-day to-morrow."

"Just as you please," said she.

I ordered dinner for three. That finished, the young ladies went to their rooms to prepare for the journey.

I could hear Miss Valdane whistling as she packed, and I must say that the young lady's collection of tunes was very varied, if it was not very select.

I could not help wishing myself back again at the bank and my hands clean washed of my eccentric charge. Miss Valdane embarrassed me very much as we were leaving the hotel by interfering with the various directions that I gave, and when we got to the station she had an altercation with a porter, which exhausted all my rather scanty stock of French to set right. Miss Manvers remonstrated with her friend, but all

ways as if she were amused by her vagaries than annoyed.

It is needless for me to detail all the worrying events of the journey to Ostend and the voyage to Dover. During the latter, the sea certainly did subdue the young lady's spirits, and she lay on a bench on deck with a stiffish glass of brandy and water beside her, and held her tongue. Miss Manvers was a riddle to me, as well as her friend. In a great deal that she said and did, and in her manners and address, she showed the education and refinement of a lady, and yet she encouraged rather than subdued her friend's eccentricities by her evident amusement.

Upon our arrival at Dover, I found that the next train to London did not leave for a couple of hours; so, after giving directions for the examination of our luggage, I went with the two girls to the Lord Warden, and ordered breakfast.

Here Miss Manvers announced her intention of leaving us. She had friends living at Dover, with whom she was going to stay, and she would go to them after we had left, as she wished to see as much of her dear Constantia as possible.

After we had had breakfast, Constantia asked me to walk out and see the place, as she wished to have some private conversation with her friend. I accordingly dawdled away a half-hour on the pier, and then returned and found that we must start at once if we wished to catch the train. The two girls parted in the most affectionate manner, Miss Manvers seeming more amused than ever at the extraordinary expression of affection indulged in by Miss Valdane, whose conduct would have "brought down the house" in a melodrama.

We went to the station together, Miss Valdane having left her maid to look after her friend and come on by the next train, another thing which would have astonished me, if I had had any capacity for that feeling left. Upon my asking her what luggage she had, she said:

"Just a portmanteau."

"Nothing more?" said I.

"Not a thing."

Accordingly, I found a large portmanteau, which Miss Valdane said was hers.

"Just see and have it put into our compartment," said she; "and, I say, tell the guard to let us have the carriage to ourselves; you're not afraid of me, and I'm not afraid of you."

I was going to disregard this last order, as I had no wish whatever for a *let-to-let*, but Constantia came up and gave it herself, together with half a crown, which had the effect which she desired. We found the portmanteau under the seat, and taking our places, the train started. Not long after, she said:

"Object to smoking?"

"No, thanks, Miss Valdane; it's very good of you, but I don't smoke."

"Mind it?"

"Well, no," I said; "not much."

I stared blankly at her while she took a cigar-case out of her pocket, and, selecting one, lighted it, and settled herself comfortably in the seat.

I sat as far as I could from her, and looking out of the window, tried to forget her.

"You're a very pleasant companion, must say," said she, after a time. "Come, say something, man, and don't leave me languishing here. Here we might have a very pretty bit of flirting, if you would only say fit to my taste."

"Excuse me, Miss Valdane," I said; "it was badness, and not pleasure, that gave me the task of escorting you home; and I shall maintain what I say for saying that I have had no pleasure whatever in the matter. You will, therefore, permit me to finish my business in the way I think best, which is to hand you over to the care of your maid with as much dispatch and as little talking as possible."

"If you won't talk, you must work," said she. "You surely won't object to holding a cigar so far as to take that portmanteau from under the seat and unstrap it?"

I complied, to save further words. She threw her keys at me, and said:

"Unlock and throw open the contents of a gentleman's portmanteau. There were three neatly folded shirts, the brush and comb, a couple of neckties in here and there, vestments of gingham, looking garments below, boots glistening at the tips, and, in fact, nothing what you see that ought to belong to a lady's wardrobe. I was really rather pleased than otherwise, and said:

"You've managed to bring some one else's portmanteau."

"No, I haven't, you clever man; I'm rather given to foreign customs, and what you say, you mass of propriety, would consider eccentricities in my costume. However, before I make the requisite changes to fit me for meeting dear papa, let me tell you a little story, as you seem in want of amusement."

"Your clever people in London, backed by the wishes of Lord Valdane, sent you over to Antwerp to bring home that nobleman's refractory daughter, who, it was hoped, had forgotten her disgraceful engagement. Give me those balmorals, will you? Thanks. You, accordingly, being a very clever young man and an admirable accountant, were of course chosen to do it. Just see if you can find a blue-striped flannel shirt among those. Thanks. Hang it over the arm of the seat to air. Well, your noble client wrote to the school-mistress that would have been a most pleasant letter, if it had not been quite so dictatorial; and he also wrote to his affectionate daughter, congratulating her on having recovered from her little attack of love, and saying something disparaging of the poor lover, who was in America. If you will take that coat and trap—well, those things under it, out. You won't? That's rude, and not proper conduct in an unprotected woman. But, to continue my story, as I see you are getting restless. By a wonderful chance, this forlorn damsel saw her unfortunate lover soon after she got papa's note. He shouldn't have done it, but she did. They put their heads together—they'd done that before, but they did it in a different manner now, and they made up a little plan. The young lady went down to Antwerp under charge, and she got so poorly as they neared the station, and her head was so bad, and she had, oh! such a pain here, and such a twitch there, that to be she must go as soon as she reached the hotel. The elegant and polite escort arrived, and was met by a domestic whose face showed longitude, if her instructions did not admit much latitude. By the way, where do you get boot-laces? Look at this thing broken off in the middle. Well, the maid told the story, and the youth listened, and then home goes the maid, leaving the youth in sole charge. Shortly afterward comes Miss Valdane, recovered and charming, introduces Miss Manvers—most charming still. They dine, this delightful trio,

and away they go.—The advantage of this apparatus is, that you hang up the glass like this, and then you can shave at leisure. See what a good lather this makes!—Well, our three Graces arrive at Dover, and then dear Miss Manvers makes her bow, and the pair of turtle doves go off together, only (and now please attend, for I come to the point of the story) only Miss Valdane, for whom Mr. Minton was sent, and over whom he was to exercise the tenderness of a parent with the authority of a guardian, does not accompany that gentleman to London.

"Then who are you?" I almost shrieked.

"Felix Arne. And now, my good fellow, the farce is played out, and I'll take off this trumpery."

I fell back in my seat, and watched, with dizzy brain, the shedding of the feminine and assumption of the masculine attire.

"You infernal rascal!" at last I said.

"Now, I'm not going to mind anything you say, for I dare say you are rather hurt. The thing was well arranged, and has answered capitally. You can get your employer that it's no sort of use making any further fuss about me. I was married to his daughter some months ago, but did not intend it to be known yet, only his precipitancy altered matters. Some day we'll tell him how we managed it. We determined to have some fun out of the gentleman sent to fetch Mrs. Arne home, and, as he had been so good as to pay both our fares back to England, we could not do less than provide him with company to town. Will you play a game of billiards with me while I wait for the next train to Dover? Don't say so, if you'd rather not. Tickets? That gentleman has mine, guard. Ta-ta! Sorry you've not time for a game. Best love to papa-in-law." And taking his portmanteau, he sauntered down the station.

How I got my story told at headquarters I don't know. Mr. Baskerville first frowned, then smiled, and finally roared. I entreated him to keep my failures from the other clerks. It was not such a bad affair, after all. Arne was a gentleman by birth, and some uncle of his, delighted at having an Honorable for a niece, left them some money, and I believe he settled down as a country gentleman. Lord Valdane has, however, never forgiven them.

GLASS EYES.

A reporter of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* has been investigating the trade in glass eyes. From the leading dealer in the West, a firm which has sold glass eyes for many years, he learned that there was as many as a thousand wearers of them in that city, and that from six hundred to eight hundred eyes are sold every year. The best eyes are made at Uri, in Germany, the manufacture centering at that place on account of the occurrence there of fine silicates and other minerals needed in the business. The German eyes withstand the corrosive action of tears and other secretions better than those made in France. At Uri are also made vast quantities of eyes used by taxidermists in mounting birds, animals and other natural history specimens, besides a superior quality of glass marbles, known to boys as agates. The artificial eye is a delicate shell or case, very light and thin, and concave so as to fit over what is left of the eyeball. The shell is cut from a hollow ball or bubble of glass, the iris is blown in, and then the whole is delicately re-coated.

The trade in Chicago has undergone a curious change. Twenty years ago there were sold more dark eyes than light, but from that period on the sale of dark eyes has been perceptibly dying out. Now nearly all are light eyes, say twenty-eight to one dark. In Boston the percentage is even larger, about thirty-five blue or light eyes to one brown; while on the other hand in New Orleans fifty brown or dark eyes are sold to one light. Regarding the change of color in Chicago, of course fashion has nothing to do with it. No one has yet decreed that parti-colored optics shall be the rage. The change simply shows that the influx of population has been from the East principally and from Northern Europe.

Surgical operations are performed much more skillfully than formerly. Time was when it was deemed necessary to take out the eye entirely. Then the artificial eye became a fixed, glassy, staring object. Now amputations of portions of the glass eye are performed in very many instances, and quite naturally, so that the stump, which moves an eye will keep two or three artificial substitutes. They will use one for a day with a small pupil, and another for night time with a large pupil to offset the dilation.

ECONOMICAL PUNISHMENT.

A rather novel and certainly an economical mode of punishing persons detected in the commission of minor crimes has recently been adopted in the vicinity of Greenville, S. C. The worst of these cases is that of a colored youth named Dorritt Banks. As a number of young white school-girls were returning from school to their homes, in the upper part of the county, on the afternoon of the 4th instant, Banks ordered them to halt, seized the tallest and prettiest of the party, and forcibly kissed her upon the cheek. The number of the girls probably deterred him from assaulting others in the same way. The girl had been home and informed her father of the indignity to which she had been subjected. The parent at once visited the house of the assailant and submitted the alternative to his father of publicly thrashing the boy or submitting him to a criminal prosecution. The former was accepted, and the boy was secured. A tough hickory in the hands of the father of the little miss whom the negro had insulted made the woodland echoes ring. The flogging was administered in the presence of the whole household and several neighbors, who assembled to witness the unusual procedure. A similar settlement was made a day or two ago between a merchant and a negro man who had stolen a ham of bacon. The thief admitted his guilt, and agreed to submit to have 39 blows delivered upon his bare back. This was promptly and thoroughly done, and the State was saved the expense of a prosecution, while all parties were perfectly satisfied.

A Galveston widow is about to marry her fifth husband. Her pastor rebuked her for contemplating matrimony so soon again. "Well, I just want you to understand, if the Lord keeps on taking them, I will, too," was the spirited reply.

Two allopathic physicians, one homeopathic, and one eclectic are serving amably together as a committee appointed by the Connecticut Legislature to draft a medical practice act.